

How it All Ended... and Began

by Ukyou Kuonji

Category: Ranma

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-26 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-26 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:39:51

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 881

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: An anachronism story that wonders where Rumiko-megami-sensei came up with this idea in the first place...

How it All Ended... and Began

How it all Ended... and Began There was a bit of a thread going around on the FFML a while back about how writers get their inspiration, and while I was trying desperately to sift through all the mail, this story came to me. Ordinarily, I'd put myself in the camp of the dreamers, but right now, I'll take what I can get, ne?

>
Anyway, before anyone asks, I'm fully aware that Ranma 1/2 is set in the relative present, and is not a period piece. Just humor me, okay? Thanks.

* * *

> How It All Ended... And Began

>A Ranma 12 fan fiction by Ukyou Kuonji

>all disclaimers apply... this is an homage, Rumiko-gami... please don't take offense <hr> They stood in the mingling waters of Jusenkyo up to their ankles. Any hope for a cure had been diluted into nothingness now. Shampoo, Ryoga, Mousse fought to keep the bitter tears from flowing, with varying degrees of success. Mousse stood stiffly, stoically... actually, it was more out of numbness than of machismo. Shampoo had buried her head in his chest and was actually sobbing, heedless of who it was she was leaning upon. Ryoga simply sat down in the water, and conjured up a series of small Shishi Houkoudans... he knew he had to get his depressed state of mind out in the open, but slowly, so as not to destroy him and the others.

>
 Ranma would have joined their lamenting had he not been so preoccupied with Akane's well-being to concern himself with his own. Only when he felt the relief of seeing her eyes flicker open did he allow himself the luxury of despondency. He stood up, still cradling her in her arms, and surveyed the swampy expense that Jusenkyo had turned into.

>
 "Damn..." There were to be no tears. He was a man among men, after all; he would not let anyone see him cry. But inside, he could feel the wail of despair coming from his heart. There was to be no healing. He would be half girl for the rest of his days.

>
 He took solace in the fact that Akane was willing to be his in spite of his incurable condition, and, after a number of false starts, they finally married. They found happiness together, after a fashion, but Ranma never forgot about Jusenkyo.

>
 He determined to obtain a plot of land there, and use it for a burial site. "I died there," he used to say, "I might as well be buried there." With some trepidation, Akane agreed to his plan, and arrangements were made, with Nabiki's assistance. A number of the others also tried to go in with them on this acquisition, and in short order, most of the lower section of the Jusenkyo valley was in the hands of various Nerimans and Amazons.

>
 In death, those whose lives had been touched by Ranma Saotome now converged on the site that had touched his life the most. The flooded Pools of Sorrow lived up to their name as they became a graveyard, a memorial to those who had been cursed, and those who loved and hated them.

>
 Time flowed by...

>
 By the mid-1980s, Jusenkyo had become a vast, crystalline lake. The graveyard was gone, submerged in the depths of the swollen lake. A dense, coniferous forest had sprung up around its banks. Nature had reclaimed the disaster area that were the Pools of Sorrow, and turned it into a picture fit for a postcard.

>
 She had come as a tourist, a woman of means. She was a great success as a writer and graphic artist, she had earned millions on her latest serial and all the television and movie rights that came with it. But she was tiring of her subjects. She wanted to work on something new.

>
 She gazed at the lake before her. Even thousands of miles from home, everything was discouragingly familiar. All that needed to be done was to drop an old Japanese high school in the middle of this water, and it would look exactly like the set of the last movie she had made with her creations. Nothing new under the sun, she sighed to herself.

>
 Still, she was going to relax and try to forget about all that for now. This was supposed to be a vacation. She stripped down to her swimming costume, took a deep breath, and dove in.

>
 No, folks... she wasn't cursed. The mixing of the pools, the vast amount of new water in the valley, and the passage of several generations had diluted the power of Jusenkyo to the point where there were no physical effects at all.

>
 But the souls and spirits would not be stifled. The lake was clear enough that she could see the grave markers, several fathoms down. She could hear the voices of the victims:

>
 "This is no time for fiancées, Oyaji..."

>
 "Because of you, I have seen HELL!"

>
 "Wo ai ne..."

>
 "Xian Pu, I love you!"

>
 and what seemed like a dozen female voices, all calling out one name.

>
 _"Ranma" _

>
 She smiled broadly as she broke the surface of Lake Jusenkyo. Rumiko Takahashi had her next idea.

>

>[Return to Fanfic List] [Return to Unfinished Fics] <div>

End
file.